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Flakes of Snow

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FLAKES OF SNOW

Dheena Subramanian

DEDICATION

Two inspiring souls with nominal identities of **Raja Balasubramanian** of
Tiruchirappalli, Tamilnadu and **P.I.Abdul Nazar** of Kalpeni Island,
Lakshdweep Islands, India

&

Walt Whitman of *Leaves of Grass*

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I thank my post-graduation classmate, **Mahalakshmi Ravikumar** for having written a short, crispy yet comprehensive Foreword at a very short notice.

I thank my colleagues who read some of my writings and responded with a smile or nod

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Foreword

Flakes of Snow is a wonderful collection of poems. All poems are strikingly simple with a mystic touch. The collection is appropriately titled “Flakes of Snow” as snow is the dominant subject of this collection. The wintry climate of Canada, the poet’s second home land, must have been the inspiration behind these poems.

It is snow here and snow there and snow everywhere. It is not Canada that is being referred to, but the poems. Snow drips, snow slips, snow kills, yet snow is life.

Generally snow, though a thing of beauty, symbolizes barrenness. But according to the poet, snow is life and the hidden charm of snow is likened to surprises that life has in store. Thus, “If there is no rain or snow, Canada will be a desert (in the poem *Snow Is Rain*).”

Canada is a land of opportunities and “countless choices” and welcomes one and all in its folds (*My Gift*). One can feel the warmth, like the poet, the country shows to immigrants like him which helps them endure its extreme climatic conditions and emerge successful.

“White carpet reception” is a novel allusion to a snow covered path that is as good as a death trap (*Prairie Road*). So snow is white pain.

In the crevices and cracks of snow, all “faiths” manage to find a compelling space (*Moses and Circumcision*). The interpretations are interesting and it is left to individuals to accept or not accept what the poet says.

Cosmos is another favorite theme of the poet. In his earlier collection of poems called “*Inner and Outer*”, the poet sets out on “an inner journey trying to explore the mysteries of mind and secrets of cosmos.” Here, he calls himself, “a poet of cosmos!”

The “Sun does not rise for you alone” (*The Will*); so is the snow, which doesn’t spare anyone (*One Canada*). So Canada is miniscule universe. So it evokes rebellious thoughts about racial discrimination

based on color. The poet's solution to resolve color (racial) discrimination sounds too simple to materialize. Is color alone the prime reason for differences? One wonders! Yet, it conveys the agony of the poet as well as ours (*Simple Questions*). *Socrates* is another poem where the poet vents his anger.

The poems are not organized, but that is the strength of this collection. You can expect the unexpected as the themes are varied. The simplicity of the style grips your attention. The collection of poems is like the Monalisa's smile, a favorite expression of the poet: simple but enigmatic.

Flakes of Snow! I wish you a huge readership.

Mahalakshmi. R

Besant Nagar

Chennai, India

SONG OF SNOW

I sing of no-thing-ness, void, *shunya*, darkness,

The black expanse engulfing everything

The still undifferentiated mass

The uninterrupted web of light

The static and potential energy

The eternal present!

I sing of the real with an indifferent smile

In union with the vibrant illusion

Delivering myriads of kaleidoscopic mirages

Chasing one another, one after another

A grand dynamic spectacle, called life!

I sing of the smallest sub-atomic particle

To the biggest of all stars, alive or dead

And all in between!

I am a poet of cosmos!

I sing of pervasive silence

That transmits me quantum of energy instantly

Through intense magnetic resonance or
Deep gravitational enrapture.

I whistle a tune to the Northern Lights
That dances like a wild gypsy in multicolours
Now here, now there
Like an uncertain electron
A random show of design and order,
A galactic rainbow!

I sing of snow.....

MY GIFT

This is my gift to you, Canada
You welcomed me from a distant country
Offered countless choices to choose from
Whether I suffered or enjoyed, it's all because of me
And those that destined to be around me
I should have been more outspoken and woven a wider network
Made small talks to get bigger tasks
Personal experience is the best advice
I should have shielded myself from the pelting of snow and the
jolting of northern wind
And went on my way to a better destination
Nothing wrong, no regrets
Whatever that has happened was a small but an inevitable part of a
grand design.
Let it be, let it be, let it be!
The right choice comes at right time.
But, you with a Monalisac smile, silently witnessed my rise and fall,
agony and bliss
You let me go in every direction, east, west, north and south
Very rarely was I thrown a glance of disapproval and rejection
Even a complete stranger smiled and nodded his head of greetings

What a home-making culture!

Such a vast country with numerous resources

What is not here?

Rocky mountains, chilly glaciers, mesmerising water bodies,

Kaleidoscopic ammonites, endless prairie plains, eternally blowing winds,

Crops of every kind, golden wheat, silver barley,

mild maize, wild rice

munchy rye, crunchy oats

Chick peas, double beans

Round pulses and flat lentils

Flower seeds, hopping mustards

Oceanic falls of Niagara, breathtaking valleys

Apples, apricots, Berries, cherries, Grapes, plums

Deep oceans with halibut, salmon, cod, sole, char, shrimps and lobsters

Perennial rivers, great lakes

Millions of brooks, billions of creeks

Fresh water ponds, bubbling springs

Silver streams and golden harvests

SOLDIER

I have a gun in my hand

I carry tons of fire power in my truck

That can burn and melt any body or anything

I drive with passion of my mission

I strike a rod with an arc and things join as if they were one

I strike simply an arc and a thing breaks into two

I can unite or separate as the case need be

I am a creator of one thing and destroyer of another

Yet I harm nobody

I construct structures and buildings

I call myself a soldier of peace and progress

But, people call me, Welder!

THE WILL

The Sun does not rise for you alone
Billions and trillions of flora and fauna long for it
Yet, millions do not want it
May be that's why the Earth greets morning and bids evening
A balance of life and death
Darkness values light like hunger appreciates taste
Death makes life precious and reflective
But, the Sun has to light, heat and bloom life
Many change, disappear, burn and die
Several rejoice, consume, grow and thrive
One's death is another's life
Another has to die so that yet another comes to life
Life is a chain of life and death
Without death there will not be life
Death is a small part and passing phase of life
Life alone exists everywhere and for ever.

FLAKES OF SNOW

Snow, snow, snow, snow everywhere
White, as if light has been condensed and powdered in to fine dust
Soft, as if the sky ground the clouds in to all-purpose flour
Still and silent as if nothing else had ever existed before or nothing
will thrive hereafter
Twinkling, like stars of the day on the Earth
Dazzling, like crystals of polar diamonds, cut and polished by an
Indian hand
Sticky, like a leech sucking heat from the deep
Cold, like an electric current pricking the marrow of the bones and
sipping out fluids of the spine
Snow, snow, here, there, there, everywhere.

WAR

Nowatimes, War is not for freedom or democracy of the people
War is a long term multinational investment in kind
Fighters kill each other just because they have been commanded so
They are paid for killing and awarded for mass killing
Persons on the other side are enemies
Even if they are women, children, aged and crippled
They are all enemies camouflaged vulnerable
After their felling, if it is a mistake, who can bring back to life
Say "Sorry and we ensure it will not happen again"
If it happens again, say it again
Time and media can erase and overwrite anything
If you hang on to an old thing, you are obsolete
They were all old dead numbers
So many new incidents have occurred
Cover them, cover them up
Be up to date, life is on the move
You yourself shall enact laws to bind yourself and all your brethren
With a clause for the aggressor, in case of a default, to enforce by any means including force.

A SONG OF LOVE

He has been gathering it for a while
The storage was up to the brim
And he cannot hold it any more
He is struggling desperately
He has to release it
Otherwise he will burst out
But, damn, it is too cold, he could not pull it out
Finally, her warm breath took hold of him
The tightened cloud pumped out through a column of snow
The earth was drenched, content and heavy
On the surface, she remained motionless and silent
But, deep within, life was throbbing and pulsating
The lightened cloud dissipated thin into the blue skies
Shwee, shwee, shweee eh!
The Northern wind whistled a song of love.

YOU WILL FIND

Seeking

Neither out nor in

Maintaining equilibrium

Whirling, while being still

Rest in peace and bliss!

THE SOURCE

Either its reason or its season nobody knows

Neither its starting place nor its resting place anybody shows

Just the stream flows and glows, far and wide, deep and high

Drenching with life everything and being on its way and sway

Through its shores water seeps and drips into a canal

On the banks of the canal grows grass and bushes

Canal boasts itself as the source of life

Grass boasts itself as the very life

Water in the canal laughs at the strife

But, quite flows the Stream of Life afar, with a Monalisac smile.

AVATAR (Mother's appeal to the baby in her womb)

Heiy, where are you from?

Are you from the light far beyond the distant stars?

Are you a finer spark ignited between me and him?

Are you a note of the music-cum-light that throbs with infinite frequencies?

We were so long together

We did so many mischiefs

Still you didn't appear.

On a moon-lit starry night

Through a breezy drizzle

You speedily slipped through, unaware,

Like rosy fragrance and filled my whole!

I was also once like you

Floating, swimming, diving, boxing, kick-boxing, singing, dancing...

Oh, I don't remember them all in detail.

Heiy, how are you? I love to see you.

You are so close to me, even nearer than him.

Still I can't see you,

What a paradox!

Like he or me? Or a cocktail mix?

Whatever be! I long to see you.

I have a question,

How do you know he is calling me?

Whenever he calls me and talks about you,

You keep quiet, still and silent

As if attentively eves-dropping our conversation.

After that you let loose and go kicking all round

As if victorious of finding our secrets of love.

I have a request

I don't want you to be yet another ordinary child

I want you to break at least a few links of chain we have got entangled with

Like Buddha, Moses, Jesus, Osho, Ramana... an Avatar!

See you soon baby! I love you!

CONSCIOUSNESS

The Truth is

There is no Existence entirely of Life energy other than Consciousness.

Consciousness is a state of pure being.

Consciousness is pure awareness beyond body and mind.

In fact, all sensations and thinking are energized by Consciousness

The One and the Same Consciousness is everywhere, in everything and in everyone.

One may call it Spirit, Soul or Atman or whatever.

But, why is it not known?

Consciousness is absolutely silent and extremely subtle.

Consciousness is totally static yet the Universe is dynamic, magnetized by that very same stillness

If you are effortlessly still and totally silent, you can experience the Unkown within you.

But sounds of body and noises of mind drown silence of Consciousness.

Mind is a door hiding it.

Ego is a lock blocking it.

You can't unlock because its key is indoors.

You can't break because it will transform in to a more complicated lock.

One way is to study one's own senses and sensations, language and thinking, personality and ego

And stop feeding them...

Then you shall see the lock dismantled and withering down by itself

The door gently opening even without a push

And you shall experience Consciousness absorbing you deeper and deeper.

Another way is to just keep on harping a single note in your being, "**I am**".

You shall transcend body and mind and find yourself already floating in the ocean of Consciousness.

FORT MCMURRAY

In the spring

Three years back, it was crawling caterpillars,

Two years back, it was jumping grasshoppers,

Last year, it was humming mosquitoes,

This year, it is singing magpies.

Nature's web of life

Tosses up new being every season.

July 14, 2010 was a black day

Eyes were burning

Throats were itching

Carbon di oxide covered the entire land and skies

From Fort Saskatchewan to Fort Chipewyan, the forest fire.

The same night, the rains poured.

The Acid Rain swept clean unnoticed!

Will there be any new being, next spring?

GI' ME MY CHILDREN BACK

Gi' me my children back

Please mom, give me my children back.

Without my kids,

I feel like being dissected alive and conscious

Plucking my heart away like a weed

Pricking my brain with a thousand needles.

Yes, yes, I was once a slave to needles.

I smoked, I drank, I chewed,

I licked, I swallowed, I pierced,

I chased after those mirages of fleeting bliss

And fell deserted among the scorching eyes.

Yes, I know

My children were also deserted

It was not me, I was not there!

How can I desert anyone when I am myself was deserted?

I was angry at you separating my kids from me.

You cared them not as a grandmother

But more than any mother,

For my sake, for my sake!

I know you did two jobs, foodless, sleepless

You did forego even ordinary pleasures

And knelt down for long hours in silent prayers

I thank you for all that, mom.

May be,

I wanted to defy the world as you did in your youth

But, people and times have changed

Though of same blood, still we are different

At last, I found that I cannot be you!

Now, I am myself.

I traversed alone a long way of purgatory

I shed down my ashes down.

Believe me, I am resurrected.

Give me, mom, my children back

My world and life!

IN MEMORY OF SUSAN, THE SUE

What would have happened otherwise?

May be death or brain hemorrhage or coma or at least a stroke.

But, like an angel you took me on the wheels

And on the way gave me an aspirin to yield

The path to the blocked blood

And gave me a new breath and birth.

Even after you having been diagnosed of cancer

And counting days towards death

You cared to wish me on my birthday.

How dauntless and kind you were!

Yes, you were bold and stunning like a tigress or lioness

And never cold and cunning like a fox.

You spoke with a sharp tongue

And laughed like a boisterous child

You were always yourself

Never changing for anybody or anything.

You lived your life with no regrets or anxieties.

So, You will rest in peace!

NEVER TURN BACK

Sometimes now I feel

I shouldn't have walked over him.

But,..but..things were different then.

Neighbors, parents, church, culture, values, law...

All were pro-man!

What was once-a-while-party-time had become a daily routine,

Alcohol!

What was gigglish to the kids had become nightmares!

He picked up quarrels over dinner or cleanliness or anything.

We were all patiently silent

That silence was the mistake!

He kicked me to scream and that gave him hype

But the whole house echoed with kids' cries and tears.

How long to bear this torture?

Parents advised and everybody else repeated,

"Put up with him for the sake of kids".

One day, in spite of having grown-up kids

He dragged me to the bed room

To show off his dumb potency!

I guess the kids were mute witnesses!

I never asked them or they never told me.

But, the next day early morning

I was on the roads with kids

Never to turn back again!

NOW I KNOW

Still I wonder, mom, how could you be so patient
To bear his foul language, howling threats,
Violent punches and bruising pressure.
More I wonder, how could you wipe away
Those tears and blood together and
Carry on cooking and working as if nothing odd had ever happened.
Still I wonder, mom, how could you be so ruthless
To leave me behind the bars in a juvenile home,
While I was pleading guilty, crying for your pardon,
Promising that I would never do it again and begging for home
coming,
To correct my behavior of breaking my sister's jaw
Just like our father did to you, several times.
I thought you would let me go as you let him go!
Now, I understand
You would not let **your** son to become another monster!
Yes, mom, if you had not done that to me then,
May be I would now be still behind the bars
For ever and for my entire life time,
Never realizing that your painful bloody tears

Dripped wetting those pillows every night and
Sobbing anguish under the blanket choked you to sleep.
Sorry and thanks mom for bearing me once again.
Now I know what is love, patience and of course blood!

SAME GAME BUT DIFFERENT RULES

We should not have got married.

At that time

I could not distinguish love from friendship

Sex, child and marriage were yet other fun games and trails of the wilderness.

Before long, I was cornered not only by you

But also by my own family as a punishment.

Never I thought that Law could chain and strangulate.

Where is the choice to correct and change?

I looked around and afar.

Wide world has so much to offer,

Places, peoples and things.

Life is lived just once.

If not happiness, at least there should be peace.

But, dependence stranded me and my kids in the lurch

Your insults, indifference coupled with negligence

Mounted pressure within me and I blew up.

I undid what I did!

Separation was painful initially

But the regained freedom was more pleasant!

I found another man as you found another woman.

Knowing is different from understanding and

Understanding is distinct from realization.

We realized and accommodated each other's strength and limitations.

Still sex, children and marriage are fun games to me.

But, now, I play by different rules!

Thank you for teaching them!

TOO LATE

It's too late, mom, too late.

When I was begging for your attention, let alone love,

You eloped with the newly found freedom and

Smoked and drank with conjugal vengeance.

Through your shadow games

I was lost in social wilderness,

Orphaned amidst the so-called family and home.

I cried, shouted and swore,

Plucked away and threw out the remnant umbilical chord!

I set out on a journey without destination or directions,

Defiantly floating on the floods of time,

Washing ashore with filth and thorns,

Learnt to shrug off and assume roles.

I am on my own now.

Now you want to shower your love and care on me.

My nostalgia had become infertile.

Life has already taught me the lesson,

Love can neither be begged nor be forced!

Sorry, mom, it's too late.

TRANSPARENCY

The Sun shines bright!

Where are you?

Are you in a cave? home? or open field?

The Light is on!

Where are you?

Are you in washroom? bedroom? or living room?

The Love shines cool!

How are you?

Are you compassionate? affectionate? or selfish?

The Reason shines straight!

How are you?

Are you clear? confused? or clogged?

The Wisdom radiates like gem!

How do you want to be?

Opaque? translucent? or transparent?

The Lotus unfolds petals one after another

And the sweet fragrance spreads in silence throughout for ever!

MIRACLE

You expect something to happen but it doesn't happen

You expect something not to happen but it does happen

When forces beyond your cognition and calculations act

It happens, a miracle!

I left my work truck and got in to my small car

I wanted to be at home before my wife goes to sleep for her next day's early shift

Colleagues and friends warned of night driving, snow and ice on the road

You are always positive!

You are a careful driver

You never had an accident

There were a couple of near misses

But, you never had any real trouble

You always escaped.

A two-tank gasoline truck was ahead of me

Throwing snow continually on to my windshield

Blocking my visibility

Neither mist nor wiper could make it clearer.

There was a car at my tail with its powerful beam of light

Again disturbing my visibility

I could not go fast or slow down for a long time.

On the spur of the moment

I was overtaking the twin-tank gasoline truck

At the speed, my car lost the grip with the road

It was at the mercy of the fluid snow

A little twist to the right lane

Ziiiiip!

I lost the control of car

I glimpsed a second of sheer darkness

Tud, dat, either my car struck something or something struck my car

I declared, "I am dead"

I resigned for an inevitable torturous mutilation or gruesome death

I was expecting twin-tank gasoline truck, with strong bull bar, throwing away my car in to debris or

Crushing me along with my car under its heavy weight or

Pushing hard igniting sparks or dragging pressed to a screeching halt

Nothing happened!

The eyes opened saw the windshield full of bright white snow.

I could not believe myself

I opened the door to see the truck and the car that followed me
watching at a distance

My car had crossed the entire road and rammed in to a ditch

I came out of the car and started walking towards the truck and the
watching car that took off

The truck driver in black dress came towards me asking, "Are you
okay? Are you okay?"

The only words I could utter him were, "I am alive! I am alive!"

BE LIGHT

When she comes near, you avoid

When she goes away, you long

Why this obsolete and futile battle between the actual and the ideal?

Weed out the seeds of revulsion

Yield in to the creeper of love entangling

Just incorporate prickly shrubs in to horticulture

No object of objection

No subject of expectation,

Just be the middle of acceptance and detachment

Be the eyes and be the light

A peace-rippling sheet of meaningful nothingness!

WINTER HARVEST

Stems and stalks of grass and crops

Yield also mirrory crystal grains strung, in winter

Reflecting all that pass by: moon, stars, wind, cut and polished
snowflakes, cow...,

Refracting sun in to little rainbows and kaleidoscopic spectrums.

Lured cows with their warm breath and salivating tongue

Sweep and melt those crystals that drip and drench

The stems and stalks in to sweet and juicy chews.

SNOW IS RAIN

Snow is solid rain

Balancing polars with tropics

What has gone up has to come down

If cloud cannot rain, it has to snow, no other go.

Snow, with her furry flakes, blankets grass and ants, trees and birds,
plants and animals

From northern cold wind freeze-shrinking and blocking all veins and
nerves

Cementing multiple vibrant cells into a singular rigid mosaic

And turning everything in to stiff living fossils

If there is no rain or snow, Canada will be a desert.

LIVE NOW

Each day is new, unique and wonderful

The milky way, galaxy and the sun moved and changed positions in the space

The stellar constellations configured in new patterns

The planets whirl on spinal axis in ecstasy

This morning sun is like never before and never it will be after

The colors at the horizon were never in such shades

The wind is fresh and cool as never you breathed

The magpies and sparrows do not pass swift as yesterday

The smell of the damp soil travels deep in to the soul

The sound of a distant church bell ripples in different angles

I am new, you are new, everybody and everything is new

The world has irrecoverably much changed since yesterday

All problems arise by clinging to yesterdays

Or waiting for tomorrows

Today will never come again

Tomorrow, you never know, may not exist, at least for you

Solutions are in plenty today and now

Every day brings new spectacles, changes, surprises

Not just day, every moment is new

Sense, experience, enjoy and be in every fleeting second

Live now!

DIRECTION

Life is like clearing snow forward and reaching a resting place

Unless you know where you are up to

You shall keep on clearing it for ever

And by removing round and round everywhere you can reach
nowhere

But, die exhausted, frost, numb and alive

In the unfinished journey

SPACE JOURNEY

On a sunny day, if it snows

Prepare for a space voyage

Snow grains on the Earth twinkle

Snowflakes floating in the air dazzle

Flurries swoop down like showers of tiny meteors

Even at 100 km per hour you feel like faster than light

Passing billions of stars in the top, bottom and middle

An interstellar journey on the earth.

METAMORPHOSIS

When I look at a thing, it is exclusive

(All other things fade out and just remain as background)

And I become that thing myself, for a fraction of moment

I am transfixed.

When I look back within me, that thing has become a part of my mind

Though in a subtler and finer form

An integral and indelible part of my being.

Forms and sounds form complexes

And I am nothing but a complex of complexes.

When I look at you and you alone, I become you

Nothing or nobody else enters me

I understand you and you become a part of me

How can I help not loving you?

If you look at me alone, without anything or anybody else in your mind

And if I do the same to you, without any fear or anxiety

An invisible connection is established

And communication occurs beyond all sensual perception

Incurring loss of one's individual self

We become a singular one

In a silent yet reverberating field of magnetism

A blankness facing nothingness

The Nothingness in passive objectivity

The periscopic vision witnessing the Source of light!

When I don't look at a particular or specific thing

When I gaze everything together, inclusive of all, without anything in my mind

The entire existence becomes me

And I become the entire existence for a fraction of a second

A sense of total Consciousness prevails

If I could capture that fleeting moment and dwell in it longer

I will be in an eternal resting place.

PRAIRIE ROAD

In winter, on a prairie road, I drive slowly
As if in a procession or a white carpet reception
The quails in their gliding flight lead as pilot
And the hopping sparrows conduct air show in different formations
On the surface, at a sweeping glance, everything looks similar
But when you look closer and deeper
Each rolled hay bale is different, with different axis
Each golden wheat straw is different, one bent east, another south,
yet another pointing to skies
Each icicle strung together is unique in structure
Each ice cup varies in size and depth wherein the sun rays straw out
water in thirst
Each electric pole is different in its shade
The sounds of the wind are sometimes drums
Sometimes an orchestral symphony
And even songs, if you give your sensitive ears and listen carefully
Everything is dissimilar from an atom to star
Plurality and multiplicity is the nature
It is called freedom!

LANDSCAPE

The Township road stretches east to west
Going as far as your eyes can reach
Falling down and climbing up
Hanging a parabolic strip underground
Holding your breath you dive down deep
Emerging your head you smile like a child
Little gravels making your ride crunchy
White snowfields, north and south
No more farmers and not many travellers
Except the Northern wind herding the snow together across
The only companion is the telephone cable
Carrying scores of gossips and tell-tales
Like the little sparrows chirping and swinging on the cable
And in the middle suddenly flying and disappearing in to thin skies.

ONE CANADA

Canada is one!

There is no division of provinces or territories

Neither boundaries nor borders, a single mass

Flags do not make differences

All different flora and fauna, except pines and spruces, rabbits, deer
and fox, hide themselves, leaving no variations

No colors, red, rose, black, brown, yellow all fade in to dull white

No sex, age, or creed is spared

Neither rich nor poor are discriminated or exempted

A single undifferentiated stretch from the east to the west and from
the north to the south

Everybody and everything is just under a monistic cover

Canada is just one under the wintry snow!

SNOWFIELDS

How does snowfield look like?

It is like a white desert

Where nothing grows

Where cold wind freezes anything that raises its head

Where snow dune can be a shield for quails.

It is like an ocean of just white waves but still

Where trees and plants turn in to white coral reeds

Where floating snowflakes swim like tiny fishes with their sparkling
scales

It is like milk cream churned out but slipped on the floor flowing
slowly

Where magpies stand out as burnt milk

It is like molten silver metal cooling to solidify

It is like crystals of salt in piles on the shore

It is like a land after deluge has receded

SPRING

A shower of rains

Unlocks the silver snow casket

And the golden wheat stems peek out

To boast their shiny yellow shades in the bright sun

To host the Chinook wind with their sweet aroma.

The sparrows and quails tweak gems of grains still strung to the stalks

The warmth of the sun travels through tiny tunnels of the stems and
kisses the soil

The reconnaissance ants start to climb down their hills

Cattle will be let out to graze and the children to play

Farmers are busy repairing their tractors

All had enough rest in winter

Now it is time to spring in to life.

SOCRATES

What crime did he commit?

He questioned everything to find the reason behind

He did not accept anything without a critical review

Whether thought, idea, concept or word

Whether it's from parents, society or authority

The youth got the sparks from him and the society was ablaze with
intelligent arguments

They excavated the past, customs, traditions and law

And put forward changes, modifications and amendments for a
better present and future

The authorities are always conservative sticking to safe old things

The rebels are always progressive to create new order

As they could foresee the paradigm of old orders crumbling down
and new ones emerging

The new orders demand new understandings, perspectives,
structures, relationships and functions

Law is the essence of life, both natural and social!

Laws are too many and function in complex

Understanding of the laws of nature and society requires longer look
at things

Longer sustained looks reveal new dimensions and their intricate
connectivity

Shorter and fleeting shows make you dumb jumping from one to
unrelated another engages you puzzled

Puzzle after puzzle, never finding a solution, you give up and stare
blank glued

You are castrated and sterile

Layered images and discordant sounds crowd retina and drums

You are lost in the crowd and your identity as well

You are non-existent and non-entity

You are dead alive

You are living death

The authority looks over the open grave and cemetery

They could not comprehend so many new thoughts as they crawl
with chains and heavy stones

They were scared and cowards but cunning

If they had hanged Socrates or let a hungry lion prey on him

There would have been a rebellion

They were smarter, another name for cunningness

They charged the old man of spoiling the young men's mind

Logics or rhetoric?

Logic needs thinking

If you think, you have to rebel

If there is no protest, that society is dead

Only the vultures living on carcasses thrive!

Thinking pains general public

People love rhetoric because it entertains them

People as a mass can rejoice any spectacle

Whether a tragic drama or gruesome murder

In fact they are comedies for them to laugh

And go home guiltless and have a deep sleep

While the rebels lose in violent and secret encounters or in silent and
discrete mental asylums

Both the ways they are no more!

People's verdict? the poison of hemlock to Socrates!

Murder by crucifixion is cruel, more cruel is to force one to commit
suicide

You are the cause of your own death

Feel guilty and remorseful

You extinguish the fire yourself

Let truth dig its own grave and bury itself

May death be the price for truth, for ever!

Socrates the first rebel, I salute you!

NARROW ESCAPE

The neck that was never touched by the blade of the raised sword
Snooze loosening at the gallows
“Stop Shooting” order galloping to the firing squad
Not a scratch in a deadly accident
Total darkness and absolute silence broken by a streak of light or a
shriek of an infant
You shiver, shudder and wonder that you are still alive
You make sure you are not in a dream
Near-death experience haunts day and night
Death living through life
But, makes life too precious and wonderful!

SIMPLE QUESTIONS

Do you believe in the Holy Bible?
Do you also believe that the God created the first ever human
beings?
If Adam and Eve were the foremost parents of the entire humanity
Are we not all brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews?
Then, where come the divisions and what for?
Similar bodies with a bit different features
Similar brains with a bit different potentials
Even among your own people you find those differences!
Then, what the heck?
The damn color?
Come on, go to Iceland and live for a couple of centuries, without
sun, you become pale
Go to Equator and live for three generations, you become colored
Go to Mongolia, get a tinge of yellow
Go to Kashmir, get a shade of pink
So every man is a grandson of Man (Adam)
And every inherited man is also a son of God
There is none greater or lesser than others.
Oh, Moses! He lied to the Jews that they are the chosen people
To motivate them from slavery to bravery

That the stone tablet in the ark in tabernacle, taken with them, is God himself to protect them in the battles

They lost several battles, but that was blamed on somebody's disobedience

To bear all the pains of desert life contrasted to the luxurious banks of the river Nile

To reach the far off valley of Lebanon, where honey and milk were said to flow

A far better place than that of Egypt;

Where nobody need to work, but all day eat and drink, sing and dance,

The paradise on the Earth!

Wake up from the false pride and exclusivity

That exclusivity absolutely will not let even a single individual from annihilation!

LOVE

Love is to see eye to eye

With calm and quiet looks unwavering of the highest frequencies

Akin to electro-magnetic light beams

Piercing and penetrating all that comes across

While, Selves instantly shooting through the medium of energized space

Guiding to fill up the vacuum in each other

Exchanging their positions and remaining silent

The loss of one's own internal limited self

And the gain of the other external self

Transcending matter, time and space

An individual self transforms into the singular whole self

Encompassing everything in its fold and remains fulfilled

A peace and bliss reigns undisturbed

A sense of divine feeling

That's why they call love is divine!

SHINE LIKE A DIAMOND

Everyone born and grown THINKS he is bound

While he is not and cannot be chained

For he, which is not his body or his mind, is the self

And the self is always absolutely free

Knowing your self is the secret of freedom

Freedom from your body's ceaseless demands

And your mind's constant commands

How to know the self?

Watch what remains within you other than body and mind

A stillness that is dynamic, a silence that whispers secrets of life and emptiness that engulfs everything!

Experience of one's self absorbs and dissolves mind in to the self

One's body becomes yet another part of the undivided subject or object

Finally self alone remains shining like a diamond

Radiating, reflecting, refracting light in to ever new spectacular kaleidoscopic spectrums!

LOVE IS FREEDOM

To let one to be one's own self

Never demanding or commanding

Never restraining or binding

The mind to be at one's errand

The mind deceives itself to be in chains is to be in love

If the mind is not set free, it feels suffocated and strangled

And suddenly finds itself entangled by soft but tightening tentacles

It rips off damaging itself and the loved one

Who can ever be blamed in love?

But, when the mind is free flowing

It washes ashore of the self and embeds on it

The quiet and silent self reveals itself through the prism of mind

The being at home never strays or wanders!

CIRCUMCISION

Abraham had flocks of thousands of sheep

Herds of hundreds of cows

Groups of tens of men

To drive them to green pastures

To bring back to night shelters

To milk the cows and shear the sheep.

He became rich with wealth and treasures.

He also had at least one slave girl

Who was ready to sleep with him.

Cattle begot calves and sheep begot lambs

Even the slave girl begot a child

But, Sarah, his wife did not bear even a crawling worm

The slave girl could have slept with someone else too

He felt poor of his potency, manhood

He wanted a child of his penis from Sarah's womb

He vowed to his family god

"If you give me a child of my own

I will sacrifice him for you

All I need is to prove myself a man"

Isaac was born

Sarah was fond of him

He could not fulfill his promise

He felt guilty and could not sleep

He raised his sword to slay him

But, a tricky idea splashed in his mind

"Why not sacrifice a lamb instead of Isaac

After all sheep are like my own kids"

He sacrificed a healthy lamb and ate it all with others

Word is word, promise is promise

Man is not judged by virility alone

Loyalty, in crisis, is the real manhood!

His conscience pricked him day and night.

Mind tricked him this time differently

"You cannot kill the child

Child is nothing but an extension of penis

Can you cut the penis?

Penis gives offshoots, so you cannot cut it

Foreskin is a part of penis

Can you cut it? Why not?"

He cut a ring of foreskin of himself and Isaac and offered

Though his loins were hurting in the night

He slept in peace after a long time!

MOSES

Moses was born Jew but grown Egyptian

If child Moses had been circumcised

He would not have been taken to the royal palace

Where he learnt politics and war craft, philosophy and law, arts and sciences

He learnt that divinity is universal and cannot be confined to any form

That creates and sustains everything and every being

In spite of his wisdom he was ridiculed an abandoned orphan

He felt homeless and deserted in the palace

He traced back his birth

He felt at home and comforted in the desert

The State and Pharaoh were considered divine

People feared Pharaoh as god and his word was law

The new enlightened Pharaoh stopped building pyramids

For he found that however great a mausoleum be

Still this material body would disintegrate in to basic elements

He was scheming to deploy Jewish slaves in social constructions

There was a philosophical, political and social vacuum

Moses took this chance to free his people

But, for the liberated slaves, freedom was absolute

Neither reason nor wisdom could convince them

So far, they were treated like animals and now they behaved wild

Moses sat for days to settle their quarrels and squabbles

Endless arguments and violent emotions

Father in law of Moses devised 10 commandments

Very common moral and ethical precepts

Chiselled them on a stone tablet

To save Moses from legal fatigue

Moses came downhill to witness an idol of golden cow

Decorated and worshipped even by his own brother Aaron.

While he wanted to elevate them to the highest wisdom

They dragged him down to the ignorant filth

He broke, in desperation, the tablet so laboriously made.

Joshua was the only one who had the vision of the mission

He knew what and why Moses was doing

Disobedience should be dealt with in due manner

An unforgettable lesson should be taught

That could imbibe in genes and continue for generations

Numbering thousands were singled out and hacked to death!

Moses went up the hill again and brought down a new tablet

The enduring result was worth the terror

They all kneel down still and revere the Tablet!

MY FIRST JOB IN CANADA

I never wished to leave my home country
I was fine with my job, wife and kids
Till an old friend of mine sowed dreams of Canada
After a long nightmarish wait, I landed
Sweet dreams of an easy life got bitterly frozen under cold reality
Not many friends to refer a job
Resume emailed and faxed was not even worth the time
Anywhere, any job, you need a referral
Whatever qualifications and experience are of no value
Knowing the right person is the only credential you need
You may be nothing, still you can become anything
What all you need is the right reference
That is the key to success
Go get it at any cost.

Expected cold but its unexpected intensity
Drained all my energy and hope
Finally landed at a temp job agency
WHMIS, MSDS were watched and passed
What all I needed was a pair of safety boots

The next day early morning we were packed in a van
Which looked like a Corporation lorry catching stray dogs, back home
Dropping a few of us like tamarind baggage, the van sped to another factory.
It was Double Bubble, a chewing gum factory
I was given the job of pressing the wrapped bubble gums in small buckets
I was happy of finding some job at last
Looked an easy job, eh, smart you are!
Converted the wages in to home currency
In three days, you can earn month's salary, back home
Everything is compared to back home

After the lunch break, somebody screwed up the machine
The buckets were filling faster and gums spilling all over
Gathering them together and pressing harder in to buckets
Pulled my arm muscles back and fixed my nerves rigid
I can't move but the machine is moving, moving faster than ever
With the strained nerves, biting my teeth, I was still pressing
Now, my whole body is pressing in to bucket

My body seemed to have become a part of the machine

Numbness spread like floods in to the pits of weakness

Felt heavy like carrying my own corpse

I chased after an unpressed bucket like Charlie Chaplin in Modern Times

Now many more buckets moved in the line unpressed scattering gums everywhere

I stood like an idiot

Tears were rolling down

I cursed my fate

What harm did I do to anybody?

Is this for I came to Canada?

WINTER SHOW

Northern wind musically blows

Nude trees sway and cheer its flows

Stems and stalks march on the spots

Snow ballet dancers swirl and jump up

New mass of dancers rise up from nowhere

The endless show goes on day and night

People behind glass windows stare blank and deaf.

SNOW CANYONS

Northern wind in the evening
Chinook wind in the morning
Chisel and glaze mounds of snow
In to concave and wavy mirrors
That reflect back the sun light dazzling
And the sun wears a pair of clouds
Winking with a sarcastic smile
While the moon stands aghast
Wondering at her own beauty yonder
Fireflies seeing their images and thinking as rival group fly helter
skelter.

LOTUS OF SELF

We are bound to die one day
Anything can happen at any time
And, may be, we are no more tomorrow
So let us enjoy the life
"Let us eat, drink, sleep and beget children"
Comparably pigs do the same things even better and more
"Oh no, we sing, dance and play"
Cuckoo sings, peacock dances and monkeys play
"Oh, we think!"
Thinking of the lost love, the next meal, better job, foreign travel,
favourite food, drinks...
Then what?
"What the heck is there other than these things in life?"
That is what my grandpa was doing then,
This what my dad is doing now
What else am I supposed to do?"
Have you ever dug the words you use to find their roots like
Socrates?
When we were children we understood words wrongly
New words were understood with the wrongly known old words
Words are dynamic parts of thoughts

Wrong meanings constitute wrong thoughts
Inevitable contradictions between individuals arise
Contradictions cause conflict and pain
We become choice less and self-bound
To free your Self to dig yourself!
Have you ever watched your thoughts flowing independent of you?
Words and images get embedded as biochemical signals and pixels
They flow like amorphous flood day and night
Till your eyes locate a specific point and pin down
Whence a word crystalizes and jumps up
With the background of one of its images
You go after that mirage which dissolves in to the flood again
Thoughts and dreams are made of same stuff.

Do you know, if you don't engage, thoughts will lose momentum and stop?
The flood will transform in to ocean
Have you ever experienced the meaningful silence of the mind?
The deep ocean remains quiet

When your body is still and mind silent

(Effortlessness, total stillness, is the only effort needed)
The Self will emerge like a lotus from the pond

It was there all along in the central pit of your body
Amidst the troubled waters of your thoughts
While the Sun of Reality shines bright all the time

When your thoughts settle down without ripples
The Lotus of Self blossoms itself and shines like a ruby
Engulfing everything in its radiating light and magnetic field!

BEING SINGLE

They are always in small flocks and pairs

They are bit sluggish and hesitant to start flying

Those quails fly low and glide

Whenever I see them on the sides of the road

I used to slow down my vehicle and watch their flight.

One fateful day, I was in a rush

I presumed that he (with a crown) would fly past

I hit him in his flight and I could see him motionless in the back view
mirror

I thought of stopping, but I didn't, damn job.

I hit my head and cursed myself and uttered Tch...tch... thousand
times

Recalling the moment of hitting it every now and then

Life covers with so many commitments like layers of snow

I forgot the incident frost under the thin but constant blow of time.

Another day, I passed the same range road

A quail, single one, swiftly crossed from nowhere

As if to ambush me or to get killed herself

Like the one I murdered on the other day.

Suddenly I imagined how it would be to be singled!

SNOW BLINDNESS

In the Albertan "Badlands", the winds are also bad.

Both the Northern wind from the artic

And the Chinook wind from the Rockies

Play tug of war and their loud cries fill the air

Snowflakes like footmen are in flight to the South and the East

Topographies change overnight in the fight,

Forming mounds where there were ponds

And the winds write epitaphs for the fallen and revise them again and again

One day, the Northern wind struck offensive

Sweeping snowflakes far and wide, high and thick

Flooding like deluge engulfing everything in its sway

There was nothing visible except white snow

Below, above, left, right, front and back, in infinite directions

A non-polar and homogeneous field

All objects lost their distinct color behind the blowing snow and lost themselves

Who is enemy or who is friend?

You cannot move in any direction

You are sieged and arrested

You are alone and nothing else except bright snow all around you

Just stand still, a mute witness, till its rampage subsides

You can see but still you cannot see, you are blind

Snow blind!

BIG STONE

Where is our big stone?

Who took it? Was it Peigan? Was it Blood?

We, Blackfoot and Cree, will kill every one of you, you, your wife and kids!

Bring that back, we will spare you.

Every year when white snow melts and the black stone shines

We Kneel before that and burn lemon grass

Dance around it and sing ecstatic songs

It gave us joy, energy and visions

It is our strength, life and blood!

Who took our big black sparkling iron stone

That came as light from the heaven to multiply and guard our buffaloes

That protected us from weather and enemies?

Wood Buffaloes are our food, clothes and shelter.

Juicy meat supplied us inexhaustible energy

Red thick blood gave us invincible strength

Tough hides protected from the prairies ceaseless wind when galloping

From the cold winter, our women and children, from dyeing

Now they are also gone along with the stone!

They are nowhere seen grazing near, all of them scattered over this endless land

Summer will be harsh and the following fall and winter,

Enemies will attack us, killing our kith and kin

We will be weak and tired

There will be famine and death!

Nobody dared to touch us as long as it was with us

Now anybody can beat us

Our Spirit is no more with us!

Where is the big stone?

(Peigan, Blood, Blackfoot and Cree are native Canadians called First Nations. In 1866, Reverend George McDougall dug the stone near Killam, AB, transported to far off Toronto and displayed at Methodist College. His cowardly bravery!)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born in India, Landed in Canada, Striving to dissolve in to Significant
Nothingness or non-materialness or Consciousness, like a rain drop
plunging in to a sea, losing individual and limited identity but becoming an
undifferentiated Oneness called Ocean!

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